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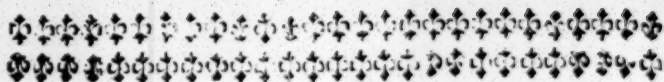
# The Vnfortunate Welshman

If any Gentleman doe want a Man,  
As I doubt not but some doe now and than  
I have a Welshman though but meanly clad,  
Will make him merry be he ne'r so sad :  
If that you read, read it quite o're I pray,  
And you'll not think your Penny cast away.

By *Humphrey Crowch.*



London, Printed for William Gilbertson, 1657.



THE  
WELSH  
TRAVELLER



**I**N this dull Age to recreate  
the minds of friends and strangers,  
Her tell her of her evill Fate  
and her unlookt for dangers ;  
Was travell over Mountains high,  
and in the Vallies low,  
Was see strange wonders in the skye,  
that others little know :  
Her was a Welsh Astroliger,  
was tell of matters strange,  
So deep was learn'd, was tell to her  
how oft the Moon doth change :  
Was tell her of the Shepheards star,  
of wonders old and new,  
If her have peace, her have no wars,  
all this her prove is true.

was ten her too moving words,  
things shall be as before,  
When English men lay downe their swords  
and mean to fight no more:  
But all these things her wil pass by,  
as matters slight and small,  
Her knowes not her own destiny,  
and that's the worst of all.  
For as her gazed one the skie,  
for want of better wit,  
Poor Taffie fell immediately,  
into a great deep pit.  
Had not a shepherd stood her friend,  
and helpt her quickly out,  
Her surely there had made an end,  
her makes no other doubt;  
Her gave her thanks, the Shepherd then,  
spake to her when't was meet,  
Bid her, and other such like men,  
looke better to her feet,  
No more Astrologie her pray,  
was glad her life was sav'd,  
Her soberly walkt on her way,  
and food was all her crav'd.  
Oh her was hungry and cold,  
her strength began to faile,  
Her had no silver, nor no gold,  
her tels her what her aile.  
Her sold her lowlie shierkin than,

but one poor groat was given,  
Oh her then was a shentleman,  
was thought her was in Heaven.  
For her had mony for to buy,  
victuall for one meale,  
That her might not with hunger die,  
nor yet be forc'd to steal.  
Into an Ale-houie went her straight,  
where an old wife did live,  
Who sold then at too dear a rate;  
and had nothing to give.  
Her fate her down, and call'd for meat,  
her Hostis brought her eggs,  
Had shickins in them, O bale cheat,  
them shickins they had legs.  
Her shickins and her eggs did stink,  
her could no longer stay ;  
Had they been living, sure her think,  
they would have run away.  
Her best eggs that were in her dish,  
that had no shicks were rotten,  
And then her brought her stinking fish,  
which her had not forgotten.  
Her cast her eggs, her fish and all,  
into her Hottis face,  
And then to spewing did her fall,  
was in a piteous case ;  
Her Hostis cried out piteously,  
and call'd her sonne in law,

who

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who beat poor *Taffie* pitiously,  
the like her never saw :  
Those heavy blowes her still doth feel,  
was laid on her alas,  
As if her bodie had been steel,  
and bones were made of brasse.  
The cruell blowes her did receive,  
from that hard hearted elfe,  
Was tell her if give her leave,  
made her bewray her selfe ;  
Was tell her how her selfe her freed,  
was faine to use her wit,  
With all dexterity and speed,  
was well her was beshit.  
Was but her hands into her breeks,  
and pull'd from off her thighes,  
A thing was made of cheese and leeks  
and cast it in her eyes;  
Her Sonne was blind, her mother blind,  
no boot for her to stay ;  
Her left a filthy stinke behind  
and so her runne away,  
Was glad was gone from them two Tivils,  
from Sonne and the old Hag,  
In midst of all those wofull evils,  
there's none had cause to brag.  
My bones did ake, their eies did smart,  
and such a stinck was there,  
Which men could not with all there art,

make sweet in halfe a yeare.  
 But now her knowes not what to do,  
 her hunger to suffice,  
 At length her walking to and fro,  
 an apple-tree he spies;  
 The apples did so lovely looke,  
 did move her unto laughter ;  
 No delaies now could her brook,  
 her shops did so much water,  
 Up into the tree he gets,  
 the owner came anon,  
 Made her almost beside her wits,  
 a cruell fight began.  
 The man at her did throw great stones,  
 and her did apples cast.  
 Those stones did so bethump her bones  
 that downe her fell at last,  
 When her was downe, mark what befel  
 Her Hostis and her Sonne,  
 Came runing when their eies were well,  
 beholding what was done :  
 Her took her up, was almost dead,  
 they laughed out amaine ;  
 They cuffed her, and thus they said,  
 was hop'd her had been slaine.  
 They counsel took and did agree ;  
 more mischiefe did befall,  
 They said, they'd hang her on a tree,  
 and I must pay for all.

T' escape from this ungodly train,  
it was her chiefe desire,  
Her cried out with might and main,  
your houles are on fire.  
A gallant trick it was of mine,  
for to escape her foes :  
A man was singing of a swine,  
from whence the smoke arose.  
They run with speed to quench the fire  
that never was begun,  
And glad was her they did retire,  
that her away might run :  
Over hill, and over daile,  
till her was almost spent,  
At last her legs began to faile,  
which wrought her discontent,  
And then into a hedge her crept,  
thinking to take a nap,  
And there her fate her down and wept,  
lamenting her mishap.  
At last a handsome man came by,  
with him a pretty lasse :  
These Lovers did not her elpye,  
but set them on the grasse.  
He to this maid a ring did give,  
which she did well accept,  
And with a kisse did her relieve,  
and close unto her crept.  
This ring it seems did prove too wide,

which gallantly did shine,  
From off her finger it did slide,  
and so at last was mine.  
This ring her much did think upon,  
they minded more their play ;  
So when these lovers they were gone,  
her found it where it lay :  
Her put it up into her poke,  
away her went amaine :  
For why her was afraid that folks,  
would quick return again.  
Now her hath got a gay gold ring,  
her knowes not where to bide ;  
It was fine, brave, and gallant thing.  
was puffed her up with pride.  
But fortune often plaies the Jade;  
she's seldome constant known;  
For why at last her was betraid,  
her could not keep her owne.  
For going through a Town God wot,  
amongst some ill-bread Curres,  
Her shew'd it to a cheating trot,  
who said the ring was hers,  
Cuts plutter a nailes was tell a lye;  
her found it as her went :  
But she us'd such extremity,  
which wrought her discontent.  
Before a Justice brought her then,  
and there her kept such stirs,



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The Justice said before all men,  
that sure the ring was hers.  
Her call'd her Justice great Boobe,  
then her receiv'd some knocks,  
Her Justice made no more adoe,  
but sent her to the stocks ;  
The boies did jeare her to her face,  
and call'd her theife and knave,  
Oh was it not a great disgrace,  
that boies should her outbrave.  
Now her hath mark'd what hath been past,  
now mark but this one thing,  
The man and maide came by at last,  
that lost this gay gold ring.  
How glad was her then in the end,  
though her was but a theife.  
Her hop'd that her would stand her friend,  
to ease her of her greife.  
Hoe shentleman, her pray her stay,  
and likewise her faire maide,  
Did not her lose her ring to day,  
regard her what her said ?  
They wondred how he came to know  
how they should losse the ring,  
Nor did they know what they should doe  
for to regain this thing.  
Have you the ring kind man quoth they ?  
tell us if that you tooke it :  
Her had the ring as her may say,

but now her may go look it.  
A woman cheated her of it,  
her kept such grievous stirs,  
For want of honesty or wit,  
her Justice said 'twas hers.  
And can you tell where she doth dwell,  
that wrought us this dispiht ?  
For oft her knowes she lives in hell,  
she's such a wicked wight.  
A little boy now standing by,  
told them where she did live,  
The Author of their villany,  
a groat to him they give.  
Unto this womans house they goe,  
before a Justice bring her,  
Where she was cast with much adoe,  
and in the stocks they fling her;  
Now *Taffie* had his hearts desire,  
he had her company.  
But as when he began to jeare,  
she in his face did flye,  
she claw'd him so with her long nailes,  
she made him almost mad ;  
Her was not used so in *Wales*,  
his luck was then so bad.  
Moreover as I understand,  
so did his disgrace,  
The stone she pitted in her hand,  
cast it in her face.

Cuts plutteranailes befhrew her heart,  
 was fcurvy Quean and Whore,  
 His fcratched face did now fo fmart,  
 which made him cry and rore.  
 Too foon I wifht her here, qouth he,  
 but now I wifh her further,  
 Or that from her i might be free,  
 for fear fhe fhould me murther.  
 The company that ftood about,  
 did laugh at him a good,  
 And very friendly help'd him out,  
 becaufe he pleaed their mood.  
 Now glad was he that out did get,  
 and left his foe behind,  
 After they two fo long had fight,  
 and found thep copie kind.  
 His fcratched face did vix him now,  
 he thought upon this thing,  
 But now fo much I tell you true,  
 as loffe of his gold ring.  
 He did not know now what to do,  
 or where to lye that night,  
 He wandereth now to and fro,  
 and kept from peoples fight :  
 At laft unto a houle he came,  
 the people abfent were,  
 No man, no mafter, maide nor dame,  
 and fo he entred there;  
 Unto the fmoake-loft clim'd he than,

and to the bacon crept.  
Now *Taffie* is a joyfull man,  
his heart within him leapt ;  
He cut the bacon which was raw,  
no bread at all did need,  
Resolv'd to fill his hungry maw,  
he lustily did feed.  
He fill'd his pockets too besides,  
might serve him for to morrow,  
He knew he must not there abide,  
'twas but the fruit of sorrow.  
But at the length the maid came in,  
then he could not get out ;  
To study now he doth begin,  
to bring the thing about,  
At length he was resolv'd to stay  
all night untill the morrow,  
For feare they two should have a fray,  
which might increase his sorrow.  
Well now the lusty plow-men came,  
to feed and to carouse ;  
As for the master and the dame,  
they supp'd at the next house.  
When as the plow-men well had fed.  
to bed they tooke their way,  
For I have often hezrd it said,  
they rise by break of day  
But time brings al things to an end,  
Now home the woman came,  
With her, her husband, her best friend,

who was a Cock o' th' game,  
They wisht the maid to go to bed,  
she need not be intreated;  
W hillt *Tassie* on the bacon sed,  
and bravely he was seated :  
For he upon a saddle fate,  
unknown unseen of all,  
All bedawb'd with bacon fat,  
not dreaming he should fall.  
They warm'd their legs and eke their feet,  
the man now wanton growes,  
For why he thought it not unmeet,  
to play with his wifes toes ;  
Thou hast a pretty foot quoth he,  
a handsome leg besides,  
A soft plump thigh, a fair white knee,  
which I have now esp'd.  
Now *Tassie* had a great desire,  
to play the sawcy Jack,  
He peeped down and tell i'th' fire,  
the saddle on his back ;  
I've brought your saddle home he cry'd  
I borrow'd of your maid :  
The man and woman slept aside,  
for they were sore afraid :  
They cried out most pitiously,  
their case was then so evill,  
Hoe *Cob*, hoe *Rob* rise speedily,  
and help to kil the Devill.  
So when the plow-men did awake, the

the belt was out a Crown.

They each of them a Cudgell take  
and knock'd poor *Tassie* down,  
They threw him in the fire again,  
who was but new crept out,  
They said they had the devil slain,  
even by their valour shout.  
His bacon fried in his poke,  
which moved them to laughter,  
Whilst he lay broiling in the smock,  
and curst them ever after;  
He tumbled out, and thus did say,  
I take these things in snuff,  
Pray give her leave to goe away,  
has punishment enough.  
The good man quickly did agree,  
and jeer'd him with his whemley,  
Pray if you come againe, quoth hee,  
friend come not down my Chimney,  
The night was cold and dark, God wot,  
no star was in the skie,  
But as for *Tassie* he was hot,  
you know the reason why:  
He was afraid of every dog,  
when he was out of Town,  
Almost as naked as a frog,  
with griete he sat him down,  
Upon a bed of nettles there,  
which stung him grievously;  
What with paine, with griete and care,

hee

he wished he might dye,  
He all in darknesse traviled,  
his netled flesh did smart,  
His blistered feet were gravelled,  
which griev'd him to the heart,  
Yet he was musing in his mind,  
what house to go to next,  
Where he might some provision finde,  
for nothing more perplext.  
Though he had bacon in his poke,  
might yield him some releafe,  
Yet *Tassie* I have heard it spoke,  
was bread and born a thiefe.  
When her saw people work and toile,  
her Shentlemen was born,  
What was her think, her horse or mule?  
her vwork ; no, think it scorne,  
By this time it was break of day  
and he a barn elpy'd ;  
He to this barn did take his way,  
his nakednesse to hide.  
He had not been there halfe an houre,  
or hardly sat him down,  
But Gipsies came in number four,  
vwho came from *Gilford Town* :  
They took poor *Tassie* for a spright  
and stood upon their guard ;  
They vvere prepared vvith him to fight,  
vvhich vvhen he savv and heard,  
He cryed out, her vvvas a man,

though

though by misfortune cross,  
That her do swear by good Saint Nan,  
her wits have almost lost,  
He told her all her travels great,  
and her misfortunes many,  
How oft her have been kick'd and beat,  
no comfort had from any;  
And all because her would not work  
but live an easie life,  
And up and down the Country lurke,  
was cause of all the strife.  
Kind friend quoth they, you shall be one,  
of our fraternity,  
Our secrets to you shall be known,  
and we'll live happily,  
We live as you doe easily,  
but have our wits about us,  
We never suffer'd injury,  
nor give them cause to flout us.  
I am your servant and your friend,  
poor *Taffie* then repli'd,  
I hope my grise is at an end,  
if I with you abide,  
The first designe we let you on,  
if you'll our secrets keep,  
Shall be for ought we know anon,  
When people are asleep.  
And what is that said *Taffie* then,  
I doe desire to know,  
You look like good plain dealing men,

What



What is it I must doe?

Nothing but roba house, quoth they  
of bacon we tell you.

Quoth he, I was in such a fray,  
here's some, I pray fall too.

He pull'd a peece out of his poke,  
the bacon it was warme.

Quoth he this was in fire and smoake,  
but I had all the harme.

He shew'd his burned back and side,  
his hand, and eke his face,

They laughed at his burned hide,  
which he tooke in disgrace.

They eat the bacon greedily,  
but they found bread and drink.

They praised it exceedingly,  
although the same did stink,

Well now to sleep themselves they lay,  
no dangers them affright,

Most commonly they sleep all day,  
and do their work by night.

They all concluded at the last,  
a rope should him befriend,

That when their danger it was past,  
it might be Tassie end,

This practice wise men still observe;  
a subtile Villanie,

Some cares not though their country starves,  
so they may gaine thereby.

Tassie quoth they, your office mind;

we'll let you down the Chimney,  
 With this same Rope, and you shall find  
 'twill be a gallant whin zey.  
 When thou art down the bacon bind,  
 with this same rope we give you,  
 And wee to you then will be kind,  
 and with the same relieve you,  
 When this is done observe us then  
 we streight then up will hale you.  
 As you do think us honest men,  
 think not that we will faile you,  
 They let him down to work he fals,  
 the bacon straight doth bind,  
 The Gypfies up the bacon hales,  
 and leaves the fool behind.  
*Taffie* we thank you for our twine,  
 we can no longer stay,  
 The bacon's ours, the halter's thine,  
 make hast and get away.  
 They cast the halter on his head,  
 and call'd him foolish elfe.  
 And with the bacon straight they fled,  
 and bid him hang himselfe.  
 Same take you all, was serve her so,  
 her best daies now are gone,  
 Now out alas what shall her doe,  
 her pow was quite undone,  
 Was finde her heart her hang her selfe,  
 was take her for a tiefe,  
 More milery her must endure,  
 and so add griefe to griefe?

Or else was broile her on the coles,  
as her did once before ;  
The world is full of knaves and Fools,  
O there was never more.  
Her will stand here, let what come will,  
out-face the worst of evill,  
Her will not spake, her being domb,  
was take her for a Tivill,  
Was all bedau' b her telfe with crock,  
was warrant her will scare her,  
And stand as still as any stock,  
no matter though her jeare her,  
*Taffie* now doth domineer,  
with face as black as bell.  
Her means to put them all in fear  
who in the house do dwell.  
Now downe into the house he comes  
unto the Cuoard goes,  
The bread and butter so bethums.  
at last the Maid arose,  
Beholding there his ugly face,  
shee crieth out amaine,  
She runs up staires in little space,  
for feare shee should be slaine :  
Master quoth she, Oh save my life,  
in such a feare he put her,  
The Devil: s below with his long knife,  
cutting of bread and butter.  
What art thou mad, quoth he my wench,  
or art thou in a dreame ?

He took a Sword lay on a bench,  
and downe at length he came,  
he good wife cried out amaine,  
heaven keep us from all evill.  
Good Husband come to bed againe,  
will you fight with the Devill?  
Iprethee wife let me alone,  
the man did thus reply,  
If that this Devil be not gone,  
my man-hood I will try.  
But when he came the Devil to eye,  
he looked wondrous pale,  
His man-hood then he durst not try,  
his courage now doth faile.  
The man afraid, the Devil afraid,  
stood gazing on each other,  
At last the good Wife and the Maid,  
call'd downe the good mans brother;  
Brother lend me your sword, quoth he,  
and I'll lend you my aid;  
But when he came this Devil to see,  
he was as much afraid.  
When *Tassie* see them all amaz'd,  
he stoutly marcht away;  
Upon each other then they gaz'd,  
and knew not what to say.  
They dined well; mark what ensu'd,  
when as they come to sup,  
They misse the bacon, and conclude  
the Devil had eat it up.

Now *Taffie* is a lusty blade,  
 possessed with strange fits,  
 Made all the children sore afraid,  
 almost besides their wits.  
 The children hiding places sought  
 he put them in such feare,  
 Lest *Taffie*, who a Devil was thought,  
 should them in pieces teare.  
 They durst not go to school by day,  
 nor rest in bed at nights,  
 For feare he should fetch them away,  
 he put them in such frights.  
 The woman at this matter frowne,  
 and they conclude with speed,  
 To beat the Devil out of the Towne,  
 that did this mischief breed.  
 With shovels, spades, staves and stones,  
 they beat poor *Taffie* so,  
 They had almost broke all his bones,  
 such cruelty they show.  
 Upon his hands and feet he creeps,  
 to shew that he was lam'd,  
 And then he sets him down and weeps,  
 his courage now is tam'd,  
 Unto a Church at last goes he,  
 to bide him from their sight,  
 So then he thought he should be free,  
 from all their hate and spight.  
 Within a pew he closely lay  
 all night untill the morrow,

Untill the Sexton came, they say,  
 which did it create his sorrow.  
*Taffie* prept out with his black Inout,  
 which made him sore afraid,  
 He like a mad man run about,  
 and called aloud for aid.  
 Two hundred armed men he brought,  
 the Church encircled round;  
 And in this devil there they fought,  
 and in at length they found.  
 A troop the devill quoth they, that dost  
 feare all our children so?  
 Or art thou some disturbed Ghost  
 that wandreth to and fro?  
 No, her was *Taffie*, was a man,  
 of flesh of blood and bone,  
 Was not believe her, feel her then,  
 or else let her goe.  
 Thou art a counterfeit, quoth they  
 a false dissembling Knave,  
 Come Gentle men bring him away,  
 he his reward may have.  
 Two hundred men to guard him then,  
 with musquets, pikes, and swords,  
 And they were not the meanest men,  
 the Country then affords.  
*Taffie* along with them did trudge,  
 his heart was wondrous sad,  
 They brought him then before the Judge,  
 where he his Judgment had:

He was to stand Red Emory,  
four long hours or more,  
That all the Children might him spie,  
that he had lear'd before.  
A many then against him came,  
running with all speed;  
And their Inditements thus they fram'd,  
if them you please to read.

*Item, for troubling the Shep'erd to help him  
out of the pit.*

*Item for selling his lowlie Jerkin for a groat  
which was but borrowed of his Countryman  
Jenkin.*

*Item for casting stinking fish and rotten egs  
in his Hostis face.*

*Item, for casting dung in his Hostis Sonnes  
face.*

*Item, for casting apples at the Countryman  
from the tree, when he had the worst himselfe.*

*Item for going away with the Gold Ring.*

*Item, for calling the Justice Bouby*

*Item, for sitting in the stocks with an old  
woman.*

*Item, for creeping up into the smoake-l-ft,  
and falling down: into the fire with a pack-  
saddle at his back.*

*Item, for alting the Devils part, when he put  
all the house into a bodil feare.*

*Item, for scaring all the children in the Town.*

*Item*

for which loose behaviour, he was adjudged to  
stand in the Pillory, where I leave him untill the  
next mad pranke he shall play.

Will you here more in time you may,  
my pen's at your commanding,  
I have no more as yet to say,  
for there I left him standing.

FINIS.